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Sims Reeves' illustrated song book

London

[18--]

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SIMS REEVES'
ILLUSTRATED
SONG BOOK.

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Young Ivan
You'll remember me
Yes, I have dared to love thee

LONDON:—PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON,

60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

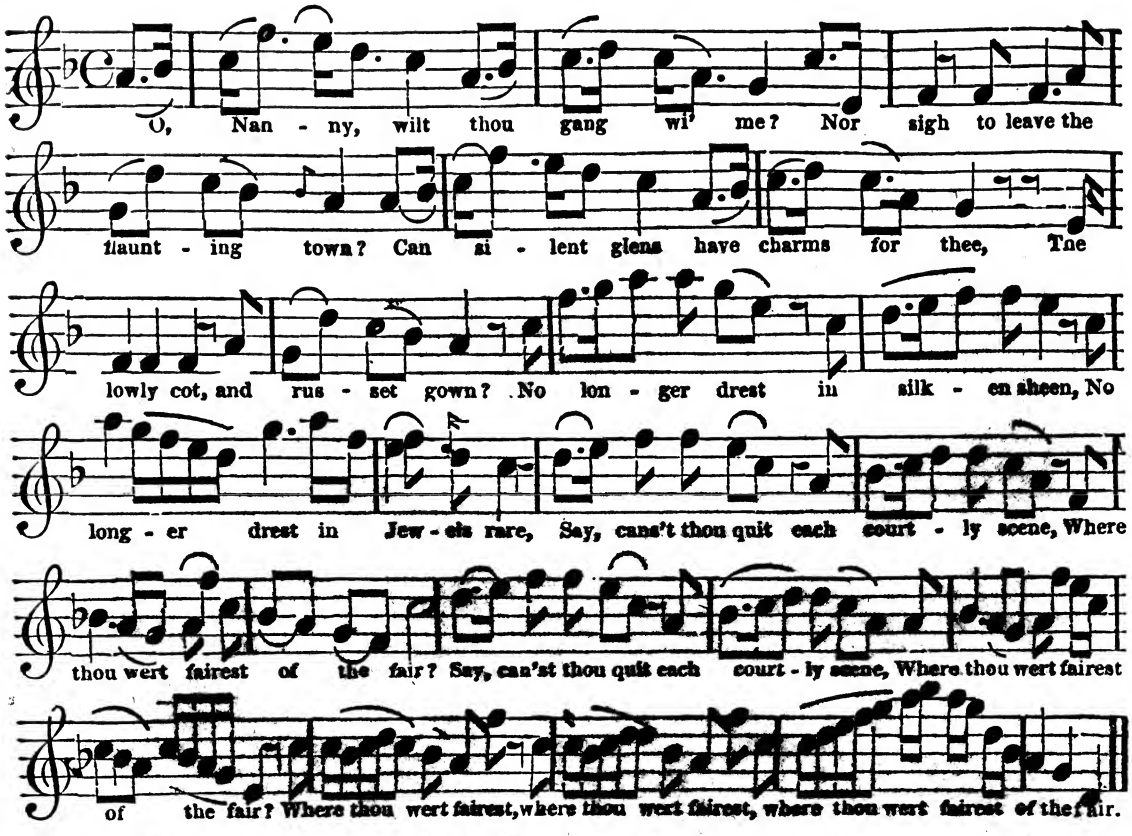
Our bugles sang truce, and the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel-stars set the watch in the sky,
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
In the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And twice, ere the cock crew, dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battl-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,
Till nature and sunshine disclosed the sweet way
To the house of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields, travelled so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in the fulness of heart.
"Stay, stay with us, rest—thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice of my dreaming ear mocked

O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

Set to Music for the Voice, Violin German Flute, and Accordion.



O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle main
Extremes of hardship learn to bear?
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou art fairest of the fair.

O Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befal,
Wilt thou assuage the nurse's care?
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay,
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
Nor thou regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

The National Show.

Sung by Mr. R. Glindon, of the Royal Adelaide Gallery.

Air—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

NOW stand aside an instant, pray,
And let me sing what I've to say,
To introduce the friends to-day.
Who have come to our tight little island.
We've Frenchmen, Persians, and Yankees,
And folks who cross all sorts of seas,
All brisk as bees, and grave Chinese,
And Bosjesmans and Cherokees;
And also Poonah Winkey Wong,
Who kicks up a bobbery all day long,
And the Koonwur Runagees all in a throng.
And the King of the Cannibal Islands
We've Greeks, & Turks, and Cingalese,
Circassians fair, with pow'rs to please,
And lots of Germans quite the cheese,
With the King of the Cannibal Islands.

Air—"When a man weds."

For never was known such a wondrous year,
Of thundering wonders, as soon will appear!
Till you've trusted your ears, you will ne'er trust your eyes,
So hear what I tell you to blunt your surprise.
All over the world, rails are unfurl'd,
Sailery, hailery, blow, blow,
White seas & dark, bound for Hyde-Park,
Rational, national, show, show.
China, New York, Cadiz, and Cork,
Italy, Chili, and Malta,
Rome & Pomaree, Exeter & Rance,
Belgium, Greece, and Gibraltar,
Smyrna, Trieste, Glasgow or Brest,
Arragon, Geneva, Salem,
Spain and Channel, Jersey, Japan,
Sark, Massachusetts, or Leyden.
Scicily, Tripoli, Lipari, Italy, Montreal,
Senegal.
Borneo, Mexico, Mexico, Borneo,
Senegal, Montreal,
Italy, Lipari, Tripoli, Sicily.
Clattery, shattery, steamery, screamery,
twirlery, whirlery,
Cottony, rotteny, flare-away, glare-away,
Crashery, smashery, chinary, finery,
national, national.
Never was known such a wonderful year,
Of thundering wonders as soon shall appear.

The Brighton Pavilion was famous of old,
But fifty of those Pavilion will hold,
Its square miles of canvas, and acres of ground,
Will take one hand building, a month to get round.
Models of trades, engines, and cranks,
Screamery, steamery, roar, roar,
Platens & wheels, spindles and reels,
Clattery, shattery, bore, bore;
Jennies and looms all thro' the rooms,
Twirlery, whirlery, bur, bur;
Tweezers & tools, self-acting mules,
Cottony, rotteny, fur, fur;
Forges with blasts down and up cast,
Glare-away, flare-away, hot, hot;
Porcelain, and glass, awkward to pass,
Smashery, crashery, pot, pot;
Chantilly laces, ivory tracks,
Chinary, finery, beau, bob;
Wrappers and shawls, carpetry the walls,
Cash many, carah penny, no, no.
Sicily, Tripoli, Lipari, &c.

Florence May.

Words by Henry Howard Paul.

[Music at Jeffrey and Co's.]

Sweet Florence met I in the spring,
When woodland's budded fair,
And roses, twined with jessamine,
Were braided in her hair.
We met, 'twas then, when daisy gifts
Like gems were strewn around;
And moss and blue forget-me-nots
Were peeping from the ground,
Sweet Florence May, dear Florence May.

Last night in dreams I saw her borne
Upon the streamlet's tide,—
Where in our skiff we've watch'd the waves,
So often side by side.
I thought she look'd so beautiful,
Dressed all in simple white;
And wore a jewel in her hair,
That sparkled in the light.
Sweet Florence May, dear Florence May.

That cheating dream, ah me, how false!
For Florence is no more;
Her spirit's flown to brighter realms,
And joy for me is o'er.
Yet how I cherish in my soul
Her memory each day—
And long that I may look again
On lovely Florence May.
Sweet Florence May, dear Florence May.

Saucy Kate.

Words by Henry Howard Paul.

[Music—at Distin's.]

Kate's a dear, delightful creature,
Merry as a sunny elf;
Beautiful in form and feature,
Smiling mould of Beauty's self.
When she laughs her silken tresses
Float around her gentle breast,
And her eyes, as dark as midnight,
Never seem to be at rest.

Kate's a sweet, but saucy creature,
With a lip of scarlet bloom—
Woodbines sipping gentle sunlight—
Roses drinking rich perfume;
Voice as dainty as the whisper,
Founts give in their crystal shrine,
Saucy Kate, so full of mischief,
Would that I might call thee mine

Kate's a dear, but saucy creature,
Sprightly as the fleet gazelle;
Fondness dwells in every dimple,
Surely love has marked her well—
Many hearts have strove to win her,
Bow'd with disappointment low,
Saucy Kate—I fear to say it—
Winsome, always tells them "No."

Come list to my Song.

Words by A. Park.

Come list to my song, it is meant, love, for thee,
And a fairer and fonder one never could know;
The truth that it whispers in accents of glee,
As it praises thy rose lips and bosom of snow!
O list, then, sweet lady! nor veil with a scorn
Those features Adonis might stoop to admire;
Those smiles that outrival the dawning of morn!
Those eyes that are beaming love's tenderest fire!

And this is my song: I have come, love for thee;
I have wandered afar from my own native home,
But maiden so lovely I never could see
In the happiest spots I have happened to roam,
Then give me thy hand, love, so gentle and small,
Thy heart that's encircled with feelings divine;
O breathe but one sigh from love's soft palace hall;
O grant one kind glance from affection's pure shrine!

The Wife's Song.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

Eleven years have pass'd away
Since I became a bride,
And left my native land with thee,
To cross the ocean wide.
No store of worldly wealth had we,
To cheer our path through life;
But thou wert all in all to me—
I was thy happy wife!

But when Columbia's free-born sons
Thy matchless talent knew,
With buoyant hope for fortune's smiles
Thou bad'st thy wife adieu,
One blessed pledge of life was ours,
To cheer my lonely life;
And, as I heard thy name resound,
I felt a happy wife!

Year after year roll'd on its course,
Yet time brought some alloy:
Again I felt a mother's pains,
And felt a mother's joy.
Thou wert not there to join their sports,
Nor watch their playful strife;
And as I press'd them to my heart,
I felt a mournful wife.

But now the storm has pass'd away:
Like Noah's wand'ring dove,
I've found at last a resting-place,
A happy home of love.
May'st thou, dear husband, ever find,
In future days through life,
For blessings that I now enjoy
I am a grateful wife.

The Standard Bearer.

[Music—at Jullien's.

When moonbeams coldly kiss the scene of strife,
And where the night breeze thro' the standard sigheth,
Its minstrel bearer wakes to tuneful life!
This heart-sprung lay, and while his hap replieth:
"Her name I may not tell, whose speaking eye
"Its music breathed to charm my true affection;
"Till Freedom's holy cause I gain or die,
"Beneath the standard I have sworn protection."

The night is o'er, and with the new-born day,
To action up the God of Battle springeth;
Thro' all, the minstrel's banner waves its way,
To meet his sword were death, while still he singeth:
"Her name I may not tell, whose parting sigh
"Proclaim'd how dear her bosom's pure affection;
"The cause of Freedom I will gain or die,
"Beneath the standard I have sworn protection."

Though won the field, insatiate Death still craves,
And waits were prone the minstrel knight is lying,
Whose flowing blood the falling banner laves,
Whose last poor feeble gasp this lay is sighing:
"Her name I have not breathed, my closing eye
"Beholds afar her angel form reflected;
"Farewell, sweet dream, in Freedom's cause I die,
"Beside my standard faithfully protected."

When in fond memory's magic glass.

Words by Henry Howard Paul.

Sung by Jenny Lind.

When in fond memory's magic glass
With ling'ring glance we fondly gaze
And see the spirit-image pass
Of those we knew in other days;
By turn we hear a graceful step,
Or voice, whose wont it was to cheer,
Or prize some recollection sweet,—
Some thought, or thing, that once was dear.

When in fond memory's magic glass
We find how changed all things appear—
Friends dead we cherish'd once in youth,
The soul becomes then dark & drear;
Familiar spirits once that beam'd
In gladness round the social board,
Have long since flown to realms on high,
The solace of a home adored.

When in fond memory's magic glass
We gaze and find what dim years tell,
Of hopes and fears, of joys and throes,
How full the bosom's pulses swell;
We read life's folded leaves again,
Scenes that of erst we loved so well,
When love first wove his silken band,
And Friendship pure her magic spell.

Mighty Mars.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

Mighty Mars alone invoking,
Upon my sword relying,
To the strife my foes provoking,
My love—my crime—as once be known.
Adalgira boldly claiming,
All the gods of Gaul defying;
Soon their forests shall be flaming,
Soon their altars overthrown.

Bless dat lubly yaller gal.

[Music—at Reid's.]

Oh, bless dat lubly yaller gal,
Dat some folks call Miss Dinah;
Oh pity me, ye niggers all,
And tell me where I can find her.
Oh, now she's gone and left me,
For fear dat I might harm her;
To-day arter to-morrow,
She's gone to Alabama.

Her hair is like de shining silk,
She's fat and round as Rorus,
She feed upon good mush and milk,
And morus multicorus.
Oh, now she's gone and left me,
My heart is filled wid sorrow;
I'll find some oder yaller gal,
And marry her to-morrow.

Song of the Irish post-boy.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

O youth, happy youth, what a blessing,
In thy freshness of dawn and of dew,
When hope the young heart is caressing
And our griefs are but light and but few!
But in life, as it swiftly flies o'er us,
Some musing for sadness we find;
In youth we've our troubles before us,
In age we leave pleasure behind.
O in life, as it swiftly, &c.

Ay, Trouble's the post-boy that drives us
Up hill till we get to the top;
While Joy's an old servant behind us,
We call on for ever to stop—
"O put on the drag, Joy, my jewel,
As long as the sunset still glows;
Before it is dark 'twould be cruel
To haste to the hill-foot's repose."
O put on the drag, &c.

But there stands an inn we must stop at:
An extinguisher swings for the sign:
That house is but cold and but narrow,
But the prospect behind it's divine:
And there, whence there's never returning,
When we travel, as travel we must,
May the gates be all free for our journey,
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.
And there, whence, &c.

Down among the dead men.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

Here's a health to the queen, and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In which celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless, woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love;
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

I love the gentle moonlight.

[Music—at Ransford's.]

I love the gentle moonlight,
When its silver steps are seen,
With the village lads and lasses,
Gaily dancing on the green:
With their faces full of pleasure,
And their hearts from sorrow free,
To the merry music's measure;
Oh, the gentle moon for me.

I love the gentle moonlight,
When it smiles upon the flow'r,
Like a mother o'er her first-born,
Sleeping in its cradel-bower!
There is glory in the sunset,
When it sinks beneath the sea;
But the moonlight is so lovely;
Oh, the gentle moon for me.

Young Ivan.

[Music—at Miller's.]

Young Ivan, all the dreary day,
In sadness toil'd the hours away:
He sigh'd that pensive eve might come,
And thus he sung of love and home:—
My own one, my dearest one!
The blue of thine eye
Is brighter to Ivan
Than that of yon sky;
The snow on the mountain,
The dawn's rosy streak,
May each like me envy
The hue of thy cheek.
To me there is nothing can prove,
So sweet as the smile of my love.

When Sunday brought its day of rest,
His homely grape young Ivan prest,
And as he sought its stream to sip,
This lay of love stole from his lip:—
At night when together
We sit by the stove,
It seems like some altar
Fresh lighted to love;
Thy voice is the music
Which soothes me to rest,
Thy lip is the wine cup,
The purest and best.
To me there is nothing, &c.

Ill-gifted Ring.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

I'll-gifted ring, how many a vow
Of faith on thee I've sworn:
And blighted hopes are all which now
Thou leavest me to mourn!
This pledge—o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Though given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief.

Oh, if from mem'ry far away,
The thought could now be chased,
That in my first affection's day,
Thou on her hand wert placed.
Sad pledge—o'er which such burning tears
Have flown without relief,
Which given by me in happy years,
Comes back to me in grief.

Childhood's early bloom.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

In childhood's calm and sinless bloom,
Our feelings were the same:
And Time all vainly would consume
The still undying flame
Of deep affection, whose excess,
No grief hath e'er abated:
For Heaven that love will ever bless,
Which Heaven alone created!

On, ne'er may Fate, in after years
On darker moments light,
Nor cloud the hope which now appears
So beautiful and bright,
Of that affection, whose excess
No grief hath e'er abated:
For Heaven that love will ever bless,
Which Heaven itself created!

The heart's first dream of Love.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

When saddened thoughts the spirit sink,
And gloom is round us cast;
Oh, what a charm it is to think
On happier moments past:
To feel returning back once more,
Our fondest hopes above,
In all its beauty as before,
The heart's first dream of love.

When tempted o'er the world to roam
For fancied joys—in vain,
How sweet it is to welcome home
Our wandering thoughts again:
To feel returning back once more,
Our fondest hopes above,
In all its beauty as before,
The heart's first dream of love.

Two things are all I crave.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

Two things are all I crave—
First that within my grave
This pledge, still undisgraced,
May by my side be placed;
That if, in after days
Some stranger o'er it gaze,
It may to him declare
A soldier resteth there.

Then to a mind prepared,
Let this last pang be spared,
This eye hath danger viewed
In battle's fiercest feud,
And watched the parting breath
In every form of death,
Bind not the soldier's brow,
That eye can meet it now.

The mighty sea my realm shall be.

[Music—at Ransford's,]

The mighty sea
My realm shall be,
This fragile bark my regal throne,
I'll have no slaves,
For yon free waves
Obey the lord they long have known.
What sounds are these?
A coming breeze,
My snowy wings expand for flight;
And there shall be
No canopy
But the blue sky for me to-night.
The mighty sea, &c.

I scorn the land;
Upon its sand
Men raise their hopes, their fears, their fame;
Time sheds its bloom
O'er trophied tomb,
Then who can trace the noblest name?
Here day and night
My heart is light;
And when my hand resigns the helm,
Then welcome death:
I'll sleep beneath
Thy moaning waves, my ocean realm.
The mighty sea, &c.

My Childhood's Prayer.

[Music—at Metzler's.]

There was a time when joy was bright,
In youth's sweet sunny days;
When home was beaming with delight
Beneath a mother's gaze:
No shade, but childhood's fleeting tears,
No sorrow save in dreams,
That seem'd to point to coming years,
For clouds to dim hope's beams;
But soon the sunshine play'd again,
And all was bright and fair,
For my heart had learnt a joyful strain,
In childhood's happy pray'r.
For my heart, &c.

But time came on, youth pass'd away,
And changes stole around;
My home grew sad, my mother lay
Beneath the silent ground.
The world seem'd full of grief & tears,
No sunshine came to play,
And friends we'd known in brighter years,
In coldness dropped away:
But mem'ry came on wings of light,
And brought a sunbeam there;
And chas'd away each gloom of night,
With childhood's happy pray'r.
And chas'd away, &c.

The Fireside.

[Music—at Robinson's.]

Oh, come to the fireside,
For the night is dark and drear
The snow is deep and the mountains wide,
Then stay and rest thee here.
My board is simply spread,
Too little food to spare,
But thou shalt break my wholesome bread
And have a welcome share;
For while the faggot burns
To warm my cottage floor,
They ne'er shall say a poor man turns
A poorer from his door.
Then come to the fireside, &c.

If thou wert rich and strong
I would not ask thee in,
But thy journey as been lone and long,
And thy tatter'd garb is thin;
Thy limbs are stiff with cold,
Thy hair is snowy white,
Thou art a pilgrim far too old
To face this bitter night:
Lest pity there might be
In a breast more warmly clad,
But I have been as poor as thee,
As hungry, and as sad.
Then come to the fireside, &c.

See, see the shaggy hound
Creeps in to thaw his coat,
And a frozen robin, that I found,
Chirps with a grateful note;
They claim, and have from me,
What richer hands might grudge—
How right or wrong the mercy be,
I leave to God to judge.
And thou shalt sit by the log,
I'll feed thee as I can,
For the heart that cherishes bird and dog,
Turns not from suffering man.
Then come to the fireside, &c.

You'll Remember me.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's]

When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language where excess imparts,
The pow'r they feel so well.
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been,
Then you'll remember me.
When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light,
Which beams within your eyes.
When hollow heart'sshall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask,
That you'll remember me.

We may be happy yet.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile,
Before the weight of care
Had crushed thy heart, and for a while
Left nought but sorrow there;
Some thoughts, perchance 'twere best to quell,
Some impulse to forget,
On which should memory cease to dwell,
We may be happy yet.

Oh, never name departed days,
Nor vows you whispered then,
'Round which too sad a feeling plays
To trust their tones again;
Regard their shadows, 'round thee cast,
As if we ne'er had met;
And, thus unmindful of the past,
We may be happy yet.

The British Oak.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

The Tree that our forefathers planted of old,
They nurs'd with their heart's dearest blood,
'Till its roots in the soil had so firmly laid hold,
That it feared neither tempest or flood;
From the north, from the south, from the east, from the west,
On its head has the battle-storm broke:
Still England has ever found shelter and rest,
'Neath the boughs of her own British Oak,
Of our own British Oak.

By the nations around us, grown jealous the while,
A host of attempts have been made,
But there's something that's wrong in the seed or the soil,
For their's, one by one, have decayed.
Some have grown up too quick, some have not grown at all,
And some by marauders have been broke:
One alone has grown slowly, majestic and tall!
That one is our own British Oak,
'Tis our own British Oak.

It has thriv'n thro' centuries sound to the core,
Not a root has yet gone to decay;
And if burthen'd with boughs that are useful no more,
Why carefully cut them away;
But long may it flourish, the boast of our land,
Unharm'd by hostility's stroke,
And perish for ever the parricide hand
That would tear but a leaf from our Oak,
From our own British Oak.

Now to the Forest.

Now to the forest we repair,
Awhile like spirits wander there,
In darkness we secure our prey,
And vanish at the dawn of day.

The Old Mill-Stream.

And is this the old mill stream, that ten years ago,
Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow—
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
With the glorious dash of a minature Rhine,
Can this be it's bed? I remember it well,
When it sparkled like silver thro' meadow and dell.
And is this, &c.

And here was the miller's house—peaceful abode,
Where the flower-twin'd porch drew all eyes from the road,
Where roses and jasmine embower' the door,
That never was closed to the way-worn or poor;
Where the miller, God rest him, oft gave us a dance,
And led off the ball with his soul in his glance.
And is this, &c.

The mill is in ruins, no welcoming sound,
In the mastiff's quick bark, and the wheels dashing round:
The house, too, forgotten, and left to decay;
And the miller long dead, all I loved pass'd away.
This play-place of childhood, was graved on my heart,
In paradise colours that now must depart.
The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
And I wept o'er its wreck, as I do for the dead.

Man the Life-Boat.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat!
Help! or yon ship is lost;
Man the life-boat! man the life-boat.
See how she's tempest-toss'd;
No human power, in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save;—
Her main-mast's gone—and, hurrying on,
She seeks a wat'ry grave.

Man the life-boat! man the life-boat
See, the dreaded signal flies;
Ha! she has struck! and from the rock
Despairing shouts arise.
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild:
For on the beach he cannot reach
He sees his wife and child.

Life-saving ark! yon doomed bark
Immortal souls doth bear;
Not gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men—brave men—are there.
Oh, speed the life-boat! speed the life boat!
O God! their efforts crown!
She dashes on—the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.

Ah, see! the crew are struggling now
Amidst the billows' roar;—
They're in a boat—they're all afloat,—
Hurra! they've gain'd the shore!
Bless the life-boat! bless the life-boat!
Oh God! thou'lt hear our pray'r!
Bless the life-boat! bless the life-boat!
No longer we'll despair.

When is a Man less than a Man?

[Music—at Davidson's.]

WHEN is a man less than a man?
When he leads or drives his friends
To danger, for his selfish ends;
And leaves them in the evil day,
To stand or fall as best they may:
Then is a man less than a man;—
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he makes a vow he fails to keep,
When without sowing he would reap;
When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
Sooner than work for an honest meal:
Then is a man less than a man;—
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When by misfortune stricken down
He whines and mandles through the town;
But never lifts his strong right arm,
To save himself from further harm:
Then is a man less than a man;—
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he acts the coward's part,
When he betrays a woman's heart,
And scorns, ill-uses, and deceives
The love that lingers and believes:
Then is a man less than a man;—
Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
When he takes delight in raising strife;
When he values honour less than life;
When he insults a fallen foe,
Or at a woman aims a blow:
Then is a man less than a man;—
Then we pity him all we can.

The Old Arm-Chair.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

I LOVE it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair;
I've treasur'd it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, I've embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would ye learn the spell—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's home, I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live,
She told me shame would never betide
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest pray'r
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd,
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learn'd how much the heart could bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died,
And mem'ry flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from my mother's old arm-chair.

Say not Woman's tongue is stopped.

Air.—"Oh! say not woman's heart is bought."

[Music—at Williams's.]

OH, say not woman's tongue is stopped
By any human measure;
Oh, say not woman's tongue is stopped
By aught but Heaven's pleasure.
When first her tongue its language knows
To stop it—vain endeavour;
Both day and night her clapper goes,
She talks, and talks for ever.

Oh, say not woman's voice is air,
And hurts not while it ranges;
To me its sounds can but compare
To ringing peals and changes;
And when her thwarted passions storm,
Her tongue moves like a river,
To stop its course there is no charm,
It runs, and runs for ever.

Oh, say not woman's tongue grows old,
And with her eye will weaken;
Oh, say not woman's tongue can't scold,
When with years 'tis stricken.
Ah! no, the tongue that once can talk,
Will quit its office never;
E'en when her legs no longer walk,
'Twill talk, and talk for ever.

The wife's tongue never think to tire,
When scolding she is hot on,
All you can do t'avoid its ire,
Is stuff your ears with cotton.
For woman's tongue will soon oppose
All reason e'er so clever;
It stops for neither words nor blows,
But scolds, and scolds for ever.

The dawning of Hope.

[Music—at Oliver's.]

HOW dear to the heart is the dawning
Of Hope, when she sheds her bright ray,
Like the sun bursting forth in the morning
To shine on the flowers all day.
The spirit most sad is elated,
When Hope wields her magical song;
And mortals, by Heaven created,
Thus favor'd should never despond.
How dear, &c.

This world is a garden of beauty,
While we are its flowers and weeds,
And those who below shun their duty,
Must answer above for their deeds.
Endure and hope on, erring mortals,
Nor dream you can e'er want a friend,
For Heaven will open its portals,
And crown you with bliss in the end.
How dear, &c.

Dennis M'Phane.

SEARCH Erin all over, you cannot discover
So fickle a lover as Dennis M'Phane;
The simple and witty, the gay and the pretty,
In town and in city, know Dennis M'Phane;
His flattering tongue wins old & young,
Bewilders the senses, and puzzles the brain,
And yet you'll find each maid inclined,
To listen with pleasure to Dennis M'Phane.
Oh! get thee gone, Dennis,
Thou'rt true to none, Dennis,
But veering about like a light weather-vane,
Oh! fie for shame, Dennis,
Thou'rt much to blame, Dennis,
But I cannot blame thee, dear Dennis M'Phane.

From Cork to Kilkenny, you cannot find any
Who've flatter'd so many as Dennis M'Phane;
No creature has ever, with baneful endeavour,
More true lovers sever'd than Dennis M'Phane;
His flattering tongue wins old & young,
Against the deluder they struggle in vain,
And yet you'll find they're still inclined
To listen with pleasure to Dennis M'Phann.
Oh! get thee gone, Dennis, &c.

Teach—Oh! teach me to forget.

FRIENDS depart and Memory takes them
To her caverns pure and deep;
And a fore'd smile only wakes them
From the shadows of the deep.
Who shall school the heart's affection
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach—oh! teach me to forget.

Bear me not to festive bowers—
'Twas with them I sat there last;
Weave me not Spring's early flowers
They'll remind me of the past.
Music seems like mournful wailing
In the halls where once we met;
Mirth's gay call is unavailing.
Teach—oh! teach me to forget.

One who hopelessly remembers,
Cannot bear a dawning light;
He would rather watch the embers
Of a love that once was bright.
Who shall school the heart's affection?
Who shall banish its regret?
If you blame my deep dejection,
Teach—oh! teach me to forget.

Phelim O'Toole.

[Music—at Beauford's.]

Be still, Phelim dear, with your jealous complaints,
For you know that your darling's as true as the saints!
You will break the young heart that you won long ago,
And that will be murder, dear Phelim, you know.
It's yourself that would tell me a different tale,
With your arms round my waist in the Dargle's sweet vale,
When your own winning tongue made your Norah a fool—
And taught her to love you so, Phelim O'Toole.

You swore that the wild rose that grew o'er my head,
And the violet hid in its soft mossy bed,
Were the emblems of innocence, beauty, and truth,
And you said, Phelim dear, I was fairer than both.
Am I different now, that you're always in doubt,
With your cruel suspicions of what I'm about?
Oh, you had better be careful, or by the same rule,
I'll be jealous of you, Mister Phelim O'Toole.

Say once more, Phelim darling, the word in mine ear,
That the girl of your soul is still cherish'd and dear,
And believe that your Norah is faithful and true,
For she lives for you, Phelim, and only for you.
It's your own winning tongue that my heart can beguile,
For there's love in your eye, and there's truth in your smile,
Oh, my heart has been taught in affection's fond school,
That I can't live without you, dear Phelim O'Toole.

When first I heard thy voice declare.

[Music—at Oliver's.]

When first I heard thy voice declare
Thy changeless love for me,
I thought those silvery accents were
More sweet than song could be.
A wild delight then filled my heart,
For soon the joy was o'er,
For fate unkindly bade us part,
To meet perchance no more.

Nor time, my love, can e'er destroy,
'Tis thine until the last,
And e'en my sorrows seem as joy,
When mingling with the past.
Some perfumes linger in the wreath,
When all its hues depart,
And some faint joy will lie beneath
The ruins of the heart.

Mountain Daisy.

[Music—at Jullien's.]

Sung by Madlle. Lotty, Twelfth.

Down the mountain, early, blithely, I take my way,
While the dew is sparkling in the sun's bright ray;
Lightly my heart is beating, full of hope the while;
Oh, how sweet is labour, cheer'd by love's warm smile.
Down the mountain, early, blithely I take my way,
Singing as I go some merry roundelay.
La la la, &c.
When day's toil is over, homeward I bend my feet,
There glad smiling faces, happy hearts I meet;
Round the board we gather, our frugal meals to share,
Cheerful and contented, free from worldly care.
Down the mountain, early, blithely I take my way,
Singing as I go some merry roundelay.
La la la, &c.

Down by the Mill-Stream.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

Beautiful streamlet! how precious to me
Were the fields and the wild blossoms water'd by thee!
I think of thee oft, as thou wert in my youth,
And thy ripple still murmurs with freshness and truth.
Beautiful streamlet! I dream of thee still,
Of thy pouring cascade and thy merry old mill;
Thou livest in memory, and will not depart,
For the waters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
When the school-door was op'd, and the lessons were done;
When 'Where shall we play?' was the doubt and the call,
And 'Down by the mill-stream,' was echoed by all.
How I love the green spot where my fairy ship laid,
Where the perch, with its golden back, slept in the shade!
How I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by its side,
And the cress and the lily-cup kissing its tide!

Home of my youth! if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow,—
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child
That play'd by the water-mill, joyous and wild.
Beautiful streamlet! I sought thee again
But the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep pain!
Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood! I'll see thee no more.

Will Nobody Marry me?

[Music—at Davidson's.]

Heigho! for a husband! heigho!
There's danger in longer delay!
Shall I never again have a beau?
Will nobody marry me, pray?
I begin to feel strange, I declare!
With beauty my prospects will fade;
I'd give myself up to despair,
If I thought I should die an old maid
Heigho! for a husband! heigho!
Will nobody marry me, say?
Will nobody, nobody, &c.
These men are the plague of my life!
'Tis hard from so many to choose:
Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know, for none have proposed;
Oh, dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—
Good gracious! who ever supposed
That I should be single till now!
Heigho! for a husband! heigho!
Will nobody marry me, say?
Will nobody, nobody, &c.

So Young and so Lovely.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

So young and so lovely, so wise yet so kind,
She has gone, she has left me with sadness behind,
The hope of my life from my fond arms is torn,
And alone in the world I must now wander on.
Oh, Ellen, fond mem'ry recalls the delight,
When like the fair moon you illumin'd my night,
I see thee, oh! lov'd one, I see thee again,
And the vision brings back but the pleasure of pain.
I see thy bright form, and thy face once so fair,
And the pearls made more white by thy raven-black hair,
I see thee in joy, on thy lip the bright smile
Of love and of beauty, so thoughtless of guile;
I see thy pure thoughts as in sparkles they rise
From the fair spotless soul to thy beauteous eyes;
I hear thy low voice, and its sweet gushing thrill,
As it charm'd and enchain'd my fond heart to its will.

I see thee, I hear thee, I feel the sot kiss,
And madness succeeds to the mem'ry of bliss;
She has gone, she has left me alone and to mourn,
From the fading of day to the flush of the morn;
But oh! while my thoughts rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last,
But oh! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last.

The smile of Benevolence.

Inspir'd by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can divine
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wafted on sighs:
I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while;
For every face is dress'd sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

While the heart some beneficent action
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak,
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek;
Bliss pervades every feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while,
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

Clemency.

Say, soldier, which of glory's charms,
That heroes' souls inflame;
Gives brightest lustre to their arms,
Or best insures their fame?

Is it her lion mettled rage,
Let loose in ardour's den?
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men slaughter men?

Is it, to a defenceless foe,
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengence?—No:
The brave delight to spare!

'Tis Clemency, pale misery's friend,
Foremost in glory's van;
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double shame,
Who, in foul slander lor'd,
Knows war alone, by murder's name,
The Soldier, by the sword.

As blessings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict cease:
The eagle brings the halcyon home;
War courts the smiles of peace.

Yet he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod;
Great generous merit that exalts,
A mortal to a God.

'Tis Clemency, pale misery's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Neighbour Sly.

The passing-bell was heard to toll!
John wail'd his loss with bitter cries.
The parson pray'd for Mary's soul,
The sexton hid her from all eyes.
"And thou art gone,"
Cried wretched John,
"O dear, 'twill kill me—I am dying!"
Cried neighbour Sly,
While standing by,
"Lord, how this world is given to lying."

The throng retired; John left alone,
He meditated 'mongst the tombs,
And spelt out, on the mould'ring stones,
What friends were gone to their long homes.
"You're gone before,"
Cried John, "No more!—
I shall come soon—I'm almost dying!"
Cried neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

"Here lies the bones, Heaven's will be done!
Of farmer Slug:—reader would'st know
Who to his mem'ry rais'd this stone?
'Twas his disconsolate widow!"
Cried John, "Oh, oh,
To her I'll go;—
No doubt with grief the widow's dying,"
Cried neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Their mutual grief was short and sweet;
Scarcely the passing-bell had ceas'd
When they were sped;—the funeral meat
Was warm'd up for the marriage feast.
They vow'd, and swore,
Now o'er and o'er,
They ne'er would part till both were dying!
Cried neighbour Sly,
Still standing by,
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

Again to hear the passing-bell,
John now a sort of hank'ring feels;
Again his help-mate brags how well
She can trip up a husband's heels.
Again to the tomb
Each longs to come,
Again with tears, and sobs are sighing,
For neighbour Sly
Again to cry—
"Lord, how this world is giv'n to lying!"

There's something in woman

There's something in women their lovers engage,
Of whatever complexion, or stature, or age;
And she who would frighten a mere stander-by,
Is a Venus herself in the fond lover's eye.

If she's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawney, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.
If a pigmy, how neat are her hair and her meir;
If a steeple, she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, forsooth, says—world hold your tongue.

In short, to dear woman 'tis given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to teaze,
To perplex, to torment, and a thousand things more,
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

A Humorous Medley on Dibdin's Songs.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word;
If must bought title, Tom might be a lord:
How gaily, his bark through life's ocean would sail,
Trusting to the rigging—

When I took my departure, from Dublin's sweet city,
And for England's own self, thro' the seas I did plough;
For three long day was I toss'd up and down—

Peaceful slumb'ring on the ocean,
Seamen fear no dangers nigh;
The winds and waves, in gentle motion,
Sooths them with—

Oh, the bonny, bonny bells,
How I love to hear them sound;
Far and near—

The lads of the village, so merrily ah!
Sound the tabor, I'll hand thee along,
And I say unto thee—

Curtis was old Hodge's wife,
For virtue, none was such,
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said—

Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more, he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death—

To Bachelors'-hall, we good fellows invite,
To partake of the chase, that makes up our delight:
We have spirits like—

Jolly Dick, the lamplighter,
They say, the sun's my dad,
And truly I believe—

That all men are beggars, you plainly may see,
For beggars there are, of every degree;
Tho' none are so blest or as happy as we,
Which nobody can deny, which nobody can deny.

Come, bustle, bustle.

Come, bustle, bustle! drink about, and let us be merry,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out, and then all hands to sea;
Fine Miss fit dancing school is taught the minute to tread,
But we go better when we've brought the foretack to cathead.
Come, bustle, &c.

Come, bustle, bustle! drink about, and let us merry be,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out, and then all hands to sea;
When horns and hounds the forest rend, his pack the huntsman cheers,
As jolly tars for England's foes pour broadsides in their ears.
Come bustle, &c.

Come, bustle, bustle! drink about, and let us merry be,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out, and then trip it out to sea;
The what's-their-names at uproars squall, and music fine and soft,
But better sounds the boatswain's call,
"All hands, all hands aloft!"
Come bustle, &c.

Come, bustle, bustle! drink about, and let us merry be,
Our can is full, we'll pump it out, and then trip it out to sea;
What's got at sea, we spend on shore, with sweethearts and our wives,
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more; thus passes sailors' lives.
Come bustle, &c.

We were boys together.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

WE were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house, near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
Nor the green home, to mem'ry dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Which call'd the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feath'er,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys,
Ne'er imag'd in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together,
The friends we lov'd of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for ever more!
How bless'd to age the impulse giv'n,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
When you and I were boys.

The Banks of Clyde.

Words by A. Park.—Music by Brocas.

HOW sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam.
When island clouds that wander'd far,
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opes his sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
That loved the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
Now sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
Among the rustling trees.
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barques to glide,
As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
And charm the gazer's eye;
While spreading trees with plumage gay,
Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May,—
All lovely and serene.

Rockaway.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach at Rockaway.
Transfix'd I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its Promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke,
Oh, on old Long Island's, &c.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murm'ring winds and waters meet,
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet!
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.
Oh, on old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the starlight night-winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
On, on old Long Island's, &c.

Turn on Old Time.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

TURN on old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life may stay;
Quick! let the gold-grain'd moments pass,
'Tis they all debts must pay.
Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh, stay!
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.
For him, oh! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet will pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears,
Are waves that ebb and flow.

It is not form, it is not face.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

IT is not form, it is not face,
Nor charms which they convey,
Howe'er replete with outward grace
That hold an inward sway,—
In manner, feeling, and in mind,
Are spells that oft impart
A magic, which the soul can bind
While it subdues the heart!

The beam that plays upon the cheek,
That in the eye doth dwell,
If lighted up by thought, can speak
What words can never tell.
And one deep sigh, with feeling blest,
A fonder love hath won,
Than all that ever left the breast
Of thousands who have none.

Yes, I have dared to love thee.

YES, I have dared to love thee,
Cold and senseless though I seem,
And sweet have been the phantasies
Of this, my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam
On all creation pour,
Than that which now lights up the mind
Where all was dark before.

Alike he shines on hill and dale,
On valley, mount, and sea;
And as he is to one of these,
Thou'rt even that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthrall'd,
And yet that form is fair;
The painter's eye would love to dwell
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness
That bound my soul to thine;
And made me dream of happiness—
Oh, can it e'er be mine?

Thy magic tones have lured me,
Into paths before untrod,
And led my wandering spirits back,
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love,
Even I knew not how well,
Until the blight of sickness
On thy youthful beauty fell.

I thought 'twas admiration,
And esteem I felt before,
But then I knew I loved,
And in that hour I loved thee more.

Then chide me not, if I confess
My heart's no longer free!
Thou hast made me love thee, lovely,
Then can I help loving thee.

The British Lion and the Pope.

GOOD people, pray listen, I'll tell you a joke,
What was tried on us English by the foolish Pope,
Who sent us a Bull, oh! what an old bloak!
To try such a thing in Old England,
In Old England 'twill never go down.

Oh, Cardinal Wiseman, you must be a flat,
To try in Old England to wear a red hat,
Who would think a Wiseman so foolish as that,
To try such a thing in Old England.
In Old England 'twill never go down.

Oh! Englishmen all, if you only prove true,
To old Nick we will send the Pope and his crew,
For if once they had power the day we should rue,
Oh! shocking bad times for Old England,
In Old England 'twill never go down.

May the star of Freedom soon rise through the world,
And traitors, and despots, from power be hurled,
While we keep the banners of Freedom unfurled,
Sing, hurrah! hurrah! for Old England!
In Old England 'twill never go down.

Then God save Victoria, long may she reign!
Hurrah! for Old England! again and again;
Let us prove to the world that we still are the same,
True British Lions in Old England
In Old England 'twill never go down.